

Still You by loopylujane

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Summary:

It's been a slow day at Scoops Ahoy.

Still You

It had been an incredibly slow day at Scoops Ahoy. Nobody really wants ice cream when it's raining. The mall was practically empty. After spending most of the day trying to reorganise the store room, Robin came out front to watch the counter while Steve went on break. She was trying to not be bored. It wasn't working. She perked up a little when she heard footsteps but when she looked, and saw it was only Billy, she settled back down. As he walked closer, she took a minute to check him out. She wasn't into him but she could definitely appreciate the aesthetic. Sinfully tight blue jeans and a plain grey t-shirt stretched taut over muscle, classic Hargrove. He'd been caught by the rain but his curls held on valiantly. She saw him running his tongue over his teeth obscenely and realised he'd spotted her looking. *Damnit*. She let her head fall against the cash register in shame and then stood up.

"Ahoy." Robin greeted. If she didn't have to say it she wouldn't have said anything. Why Steve gave *this* guy the time of day, she'd never understand.

"Ahoy indeed." Billy grinned at her, all teeth and sparkly eyes. She rolled her eyes and straightened up.

"Steve, that blond guy is here again." She yelled and waited for Steve to come out, aggressively ignoring Billy while trying to make it look like she wasn't ignoring him at all. She knew the boss watched the cameras sometimes and she didn't feel the need to get chewed out a third time for being 'surly'.

"Coming!" Steve called back, then came a loud thud and a few muffled swear words before Steve poked his head around the door. "I dropped the cones."

Robin let out an exasperated sigh and started to make her way over to the door Steve held open for her.

"It's Billy." Billy called after her, she didn't need to turn around to know he was smiling.

"You couldn't pay me enough to care." She threw back before stepping into the store room. "What the fuck did you do to my shelves, Steve?" Robin yelled and glared at him.

"Sorry." Steve smiled sheepishly and walked over to the register, straightening his sailor's cap as he went.

"I like her." Billy decided as she slammed the door closed.

"Yeah, she's a real peach. What can I get you?" Steve offered as he picked up a clean ice cream scoop.

"Cup of strawberry swirl and a date tonight. What time do you get off?" Billy pointed to the ice cream and then leant over the counter. He liked watching Steve scoop ice cream, it made his biceps move in a way that had Billy's mouth watering. The uniform probably helped too. Those shorts did wonders for his imagination.

"Well, I finish here at five then I'm seeing you at six, so I'll get off around seven?" He leant back up from the freezer and smiled, placing Billy's ice cream up top before digging around for a blue plastic spoon. Steve knew Billy liked blue. Blue like the Camaro. Blue like Billy's eyes.

"You're disgusting." He laughed and swiped the cup and spoon, starting on his ice cream while Steve rang up his total.

"That's a dollar fifty and you love it." Steve pressed a few buttons and the cash drawer sprang open. He mentally high fived himself for not letting the thing whack him in the stomach. He'd gotten pretty good at remembering to step back but sometimes he'd forget. Especially when Billy was in front of him and running his tongue over that little spoon like he was running his tongue over something else.

"Yeah I do." He mumbled through a mouth full of ice cream, leaving the spoon in his mouth to dig down his back pocket for change. He passed the money over and went back to leaning against the counter while he carried on with his ice cream. Billy might not have been able to touch Steve, or lean over the counter and kiss him like he wanted. He found he didn't always have to. Sometimes, just being

around Steve was enough to make him the happiest son of a bitch alive.

“What you thinking about?” Steve asked, watching Billy smiling to himself.

“Just wondering if you get to take the hat and shorts home.” He answered with a wink.

“Now who’s disgusting?” Steve laughed.

“Still you.” Billy grinned.